

WEEKLY



VISITOR,

OR,
LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

VOL. I.]

SATURDAY, March 19, 1803.

[No. 24.]

JULIA.

MARSHALL'S RUSSIAN TALE.

THE women complain of the men, and the men complain of the women. Which is right? or which is wrong? and who shall decide the contest?—Were the decision left to me, without consideration, I should give it in favor of the most amiable; consequently the women. But with this sentence the men would not be contented; they would accuse me of partiality; they will say I am bribed by the kind looks of Lidia, or Arcthen's charming smile; they would make an appeal from my judgment, and my defence would be of no avail. Perhaps the following tale may elucidate this argument.

Julia was the ornament of the metropolis. She appeared, and the men saw, and listened to her alone, conversed alone with her. And the women? The women whispered to each other, viewed her with malicious smiles, and endeavored, in vain, to find out some fault in her, to appease, in some degree their offended self-love. Julia shone faultless as the sun. Envy searched a spot on her in vain. With dazzled eyes and despairing heart he was obliged to depart. Is it necessary, after the above, to say, that every youth adored Julia, and considered it as an honor to be considered among her slaves?—One night, the other wept, a third hung his

head, and of every one who appeared sorrowful, it was said, "he is in love with Julia."

And Julia?—Julia loved no one thing except herself. With haughty self-sufficiency she looked around her, and thought, where is my equal? who is worthy of me? Yet she very wisely suffered not any of these thoughts to be perceived; and when she was remarked for beauty and good sense, she was equally admired for her modesty and talent of dissimulation which the women alone possess in the highest degree.

Yet, by degrees, she approached the end of her fourth winter, and she began to perceive, that vanity was only a vapor, which, though it places the soul in a pleasing delirium, has, beyond that, nothing stable or gratifying. However one may be taken up with oneself, it is yet not sufficient; something more than the magical *I* must be loved.

Julia now took an attentive survey of her crowd of adorers. At first, her view fell on the young Samphubow, who could vie in beauty with Cupid himself; moreover he thought on nothing but Julia and the looking glass. Next appeared to her again the manly Grubrow, a young hero, who wanted nothing but a Grecian dress to be a perfect Mars—as deserving the preference, and sometimes, the talkative Papatow.

appeared amiable, who, notwithstanding his judicial dignity, contended with Vestris in entrechat, and performed every day, at least ten French calembours. But it lasted not long. In the first she soon perceived merely a tiresome conceited fool;—the young god of war, on a nearer acquaintance, was metamorphosed into a stately dragoon, and the amusing judge was shortly converted into a wearisome chatterer. Her choice, at last, fell on young Boris, who was really amiable. In this choice the heart and understanding were unanimous. Boris was brought up under the eye of his tender and sensible parent, in a foreign country. His head was furnished with useful and ornamental knowledge, and his heart cherished virtuous precepts. He was, in person, pleasing, though not literally handsome. His countenance had the noblest cast, and a fine soul shone from his eyes. He blushed, like an innocent girl, at every immodest word; spoke little, but always sensibly and agreeably, strove not to shine by his wit and knowledge; and listened, at least, patiently—to every body. The real worth of such a character is seldom known in the world; and here, tinsel is often regarded equally with pure gold, and modesty, the companion of real worth, is thrown into the shade, while impudence is caressed and applauded. Boris loved Julia. How was it possible to avoid loving one so amiable and handsome?—but her numberless adorers kept him at a dis-

tance. He regarded her from afar, without sighing, without laying his hand with melancholy looks on his heart,—in one word, without acting the lover. Nevertheless Julia knew he loved her. Whoever is so inclined, may wonder at the quick-sightedness of women! But not more visible than the sun at noon day, is to a woman the effect of her charms on a man of sentiment, however he may endeavor to conceal it. Julia soon distinguished the modest youth from the rest of her lovers. She encouraged him to approach her with friendly looks and smiles, she conversed with him, showed an esteem for his worth, listened to him with attention, and discovered a wish to see him more frequently. "You will go to the concert to-morrow?—to-morrow you will dine with us?—The time appeared

very long to me yesterday, without you."—Boris did not belong to the number of those who construed every friendly word or look of a girl into a declaration of love, and in their own conceit, set themselves down already as the favored lover, when they are hardly even thought of;—but, with all his discretion, he formed hopes, and hopes is to love, what a warm April shower is to the newly sown seeds. He was nearly on the point of throwing himself at the feet of Julia to require an avowal of her love, and Julia was looking with desire towards that moment, when a new phenomenon in the great world appeared on the horizon, and drew universal attention.

The young prince Karin, a favorite of nature and fortune, of high rank, rich and handsome, made his *entree* into the world; all eyes turned towards him. He was the talk of the day. Every body praised him, principally the women; but especially those to whom he had paid most attention, or those whom he had flattered. His good sense could not be sufficiently extolled, even when he merely conversed about the weather; and it need not be a matter of great astonishment, for enthusiasm is a microscope which magnifies things in a most surprising manner. In the mean time a report prevailed, that the young prince was *ferociously* indifferent to female charms, and that Cupid had against him in vain emptied his quiver. What a task for the women! What fame for the victor!—It appeared

weeping eyes, had applied to them, saying, "revenge me, or I shall die of chagrin!"—Cupid die! Ye Gods! what a misfortune! How could it be possible to exist without the amiable child?—O, no! We must take his part; he must be revenged, let it cost what it will! The new Alcides must be tamed, must be enslaved, must be enchained!

All the females of the metropolis now appeared adorned with gold chains, as a sign of certain victory. Tremble, tremble, audacious youth! The rattling, sparkling chains, proclaim thy downfall.

Smiling and careless the young spark roved about, till he met Julia at a public place. She eclipsed all the females. He was the handsomest among the men.

"He must fall in love with her," thought the latter. "She must fall in love with him," said the former; and every one cast down their eyes, and gave up all hope. Julia's admirers dispersed on all sides, in despair. Boris alone did not leave her. He spoke to her, but she answered him dryly, short—Julia was confused.

The next day, when Boris called on Julia, a dreadful headache prevented her admitting him. The third day he saw her at a ball. The young prince sat next to her, danced with her, conversed with her. Boris was saluted civilly. He was asked how he did, without attending to his answer. He approached on the other side. He was not observed. And how was it possible he could be—as the prince did not set on that side!—Poor Boris! you might have been happy; but the moment is passed. There now remains nothing to you but—to retire. And he did so. He quitted the room, and Julia—with what feelings, may easily be imagined. We will also quit him; may he weep in solitude, and if possible learn to forget the lovely inconstant.

Julia was transported with her new conquest. Her friend was an Antinous, when sitting a Cicerone, when he spoke of a demigod, when he said, "Julia, I love you!"—Nor did he deceive her. He was in reality enamored of her charms. He could listen to no concert, if Julia did not sing, went to no ball where she did not dance, and visited no public walk which was not graced with Julia's presence. He formerly was fond

of gaming; but he sacrificed the cards to Julia. He used to spend many hours in the day with his English horses; but on Julia's account he forgot the horses. One might perceive his love was serious. Perhaps it may be observed, that in the days of chivalry, love was still more serious; but every century has its own customs, and we live in the eighteenth.—Our belles are not so difficult to be pleased as they were under Francis the First; and certainly no one will now throw her glove on the mane of an enraged lion, and order her knight to fetch it—undoubtedly for no other reason, than that, very probably, none of the knights of the present time would obey her commands.

Julia was convinced, that the Prince could not live without her. It only appeared strange to her, that he always spoke of his heart, but never of his hand. Many of her friends already wished her joy of such a bridegroom; but the bridegroom did not explain himself more clearly.—At last Julia gave him to understand how much it surprised her. The tender Prince appeared offended. "Julia doubt the power of her charms?" exclaimed he with warmth. "Julia will exchange the ardent god of love, for frigid Hymen! The enchanting smile of one, for the constant wrinkles of the other. A garland of roses, for the bonds of a slave! On Julia's love bears no constraint! One word—and the happiness of two lovers is for ever destroyed. Would Petrarch have so suddenly loved his Laura, would he have composed one of those glowing sonnets which now enchant us, if Laura had been his wife?"—Julia turned pale at this discourse. The prince perceived that this philosophy did not please her—he retreated. "At least," said he, "we will lengthen the time of our courtship, as long as we can; for never, never, enchanting Julia, will these delightful hours return."—But Julia could not adopt his sentiments; she was not at ease, till he had given her his word, to be united with her in the holy bands of wedlock. After this promise, he thought he could take liberties, which even Julia did not deny, while he kept them within bounds; but he daily grew more arrogant, and moments occurred where the protectors of innocence alone could have rescued the virtue of Julia. (To be continued.)

Some particulars tending to illustrate the peculiar MANNERS and DISPOSITION of the HINDUS.

THE superstitious reverence paid by the Hindus to the Brahmans, has, till of late years, been converted by this artful cast into the means of setting the laws at defiance. No Hindu dared formerly to execute against a Brahman any process or demand, either on the part of government or individuals.

This idea was entertained by many of the Hindu inhabitants of Bengal, but more especially by those of the province of Benares; among whom indeed it is so generally received, that whenever it became necessary to use any coercion to enforce the payment of a public debt, some expedient was resorted to, in order to deter the officers of the *adawls* from prosecuting the demands. The difficulty thereby occasioned in the realization of the public revenue, induced government to enact a regulation for the prevention of what had been so long and successfully practised by the Brahman cast, for defrauding the public revenue.

The devices occasionally practised, under such circumstances by those Brahmans, were degrading to their own bodies, either more or less slightly, with knives or razors; threatening to swallow, or sometimes actually swallowing poison, or some powder pretended to be such; or constructing a circular inclosure called a *kookh*, in which they raised a pile of wood, or other combustible, and, taking themselves to fasting, real or pretended, place within the area of the *kookh*. An old woman, with a view to sacrifice her by setting fire to the *kookh* on the approach of the peon to serve them with any process, or to exercise coercion over them on the part of government or its delegates. These Brahmans, likewise, in the event of their not obtaining relief within a given time for any loss or disappointment justly or unjustly experienced, or, if under restraint, would also occasionally bring out their women or children, and causing them to sit down in the view of the peon sent on the part of government, brandish their swords, and threaten to behead, or otherwise slay, these females or children on his nearer approach. And there are instances in which, from resentment at being subject to arrest, or other molestation, they have not only inflicted wounds on their

own bodies, but put to death with their swords the females of their families, or their own female infants, or some aged female procured for the occasion. Nor were the Brahman females always unwilling victims: on the contrary, from the prejudices in which they are educated, they in general consider it incumbent on them to acquiesce cheerfully to this species of self-devotement, either from motives of mistaken honor, or of resentment or revenge; believing that, after death, they shall forever haunt, and become the tormentors of those who are the occasion of their being sacrificed. This custom arising entirely from the inordinate pride and self-esteem in which the Brahminical tribe indulge themselves, has, as is before observed, induced government to enact a law, declaring persons who kill the children of a female of their family, under such circumstances, liable to be tried for murder.

A remarkable and very tragical instance of the peculiarity of the Hindu temper in the respect above described, occurred in one of the northern districts of Benares in 1788, when Mr. Duncan, the present governor of Bombay, was resident there.

A Brahman having fallen in arrears for rent, the native collector, after pressing him unsuccessfully for payment, found it necessary to inflict a slight corporal punishment, as it was evident that the excuses he alleged for non-payment were mere evasions. The punishment inflicted was only 4 or 5 strokes on the back with a bamboo walking-cane. This slight chastisement was soon reported in the district to have been so severe as to have caused the man's death, or at least to render his recovery impossible; and this report, no sooner reached the ears of his relations, than they immediately set fire to his houses. His wife, who had been absent at the river bathing, at this juncture returned, and, on being told by her husband's relations what had been reported to them of her husband's treatment, deliberately committed herself to the flames, by suffering herself to be shut up within the bamboo inclosure surrounding the house; and thus perished a willing victim to the violence of the Hindu temper, which may be further estimated by the following anecdote, related by the man himself, in praise of his deceased wife. He inform us, that, about twelve years be-

fore, having had a dispute with one of his brethren, in which he was not likely to get the better, he, according to the brahminical custom, determined to kill himself, by ripping up his belly; but was prevented by his wife and other females—his wife desiring that she might die in his stead, and assigning as a reason that he might get another wife, but she not another husband: upon which he deliberately struck her on the back of the neck with his sword, with the intention of killing her, and with the design to rip up his own belly as soon as she had expired; but he was prevented from the last act by the interference of other people. The wound which the woman received was so deep as to render her recovery for a long time doubtful.

The inconsistencies in the Hindu character may be still further illustrated, by the following account of a deliberate act of suicide, which happened at a village a few miles from Benares. A man excited by an old grudge against two of his neighbors, in consequence of a dispute about the common use of a sugar-mill, and about watering their grounds, without attempting to seek redress where it could easily have been obtained, and without any coercion, or even any demand upon him, he proceeded to his opponents' door, and there, with a razor, ripped open his own belly, and then desired to be carried to Mr. Duncan, the resident, saying that he should there obtain justice: but the wound proving mortal, he expired a few hours after his arrival at Benares.

This savage custom, arising entirely from the inordinate pride and self-esteem in which the brahminical tribe indulge themselves, obtained to a great extent in the time of Bulwant Sing and Cheyt Sing, both of whom, being Brahmans, do not appear to have given it any discountenance. Scarcely two years before the expulsion of the latter, a Brahman, who was under arrest for arrears of rent, set fire to his house, and, cutting off the heads of two or three of his women, sent them to the Rajah's court. Cheyt Sing having then the administration both of civil and criminal justice in his own hands, took no steps to suppress this barbarous custom.

Another custom of the Brahmans, very common at Benares, and not unfrequent in Bengal and Bahar, con-

tinued until the year 1795, when it was prohibited by government. This was the practice of a kind of sorcery, in which the Hindus are strong believers, and which the Brahmans never fail, on all occasions, to turn to their own account. When a Brahman, therefore, wanted to realize any claim or expectation, such as the recovery of a debt, or to extort money for any real or pretended charity, this expedient seldom failed to accomplish his purpose, until government found it necessary to interpose, by declaring the practice illegal, and punishable by banishment from the province. This was called sitting *dhurna*. Accordingly, for some of the purposes above mentioned, a Brahman proceeded, either with some offensive weapon, or with poison, to the door of another inhabitant of the same town or village, and there taking post, sat down in a peculiar posture; it being understood, according to the generally received opinions on this subject, that he remained fasting in that place until his object was attained; and that it was equally incumbent on the party who was the occasion of the Brahman thus sitting, to abstain from nourishment until the latter was satisfied. During the operation of this practice, ingress and egress to and from the house was more or less prevented; it being generally believed that neither the one nor the other could be attempted, but at the risk of the Brahman's wounding himself with the weapon, or swallowing the powder or poison, with which he came provided. These Brahmans, however, have been frequently obliged to desist, and remove from sitting *dhurna* by the officers of the courts of justice, without any ill consequence resulting; it having been found by experience, that they seldom or ever attempt to commit suicide, or to wound themselves or others, after they are taken into custody.

A recent and fatal instance of Hindu infatuation occurred within the zilla, or district of Calcutta, in 1798, when five convicts in the Fouzdar's jail conceived the extraordinary idea of rendering themselves invulnerable, and free from the painful or mortal effects of blows from swords, or any weapon whatever. For this purpose they rubbed each other on the outside of the shoulders with the juice of a certain root, which proved to be a rank poison; insomuch that three of them almost immediately died; the other two, by medical assistance recovered.

THOUGHTS ON THE PLEASURES OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

OF all the gratifications human nature can enjoy, and of all the delights it is formed to impart, none is equal to that which springs from a long tried and mutual affection. The happiness which arises from conjugal felicity is capable of withstanding the attacks of time, grows vigorous in old age, and animates the heart with pleasure and delight, even when the vital fluid can scarcely force a passage through it.

No man ever prospered in the world without the consent and co-operation of his wife: let him be ever so frugal, industrious, or successful, all avails nothing if she is unfaithful to her trust, or profusely squanders in pleasure and dissipation those sums which toil and application gained; but if she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labor with an endearing smile, with what spirit and perseverance does he apply to his vocation; with what confidence will he resort either to his merchandise or farm; fly over land; sail upon the seas; meet difficulty, and encounter danger, — if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home! How delightful is it to have a friend to cheer, and a companion to soothe, the solitary hours of grief and pain! Solitude and disappointment enter into the history of every man's life; and he is but half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared!

Prudence and foresight can neither ward off the stroke of disease, nor prevent the calamities which are ordained by Heaven. Affluence cannot purchase release from pain, nor tenderness cool a fever in the blood; yet there is an ear open to the married man's complaints; a heart ready to sympathize in his sorrows; an eye bedewed with tender drops of compassion; and a life that is absolutely bound up in his: and as enjoyment derives additional relish from participation, so misery loses the poignancy of its barb, in the bosom formed for sympathetic kindness.

The most unfortunate of all men is he who thinks himself so.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER: A FRAGMENT.

THE sun had just ceased to illuminate the tops of those majestic mountains whose hoary ridges are inaccessible to human steps, when Leander entered the vale which led to the beautiful village of —. Rich autumn had crowned with mellow tints the fertile prospect, and promised to reward the toils of the industrious husbandman with the most ample produce. Struck with the rich variety of the surrounding country, he gave wing to the imagination, and indulged a train of reflections on the happiness and comforts of an independent peasant, who could live free from those dreadful anxieties which torture the breasts of the thousand who are every moment trembling for their property, lest the imperious mandate of some petty tyrant should invade the natural privileges of mankind, and usurp their little all. Leander had a heart attuned to the miseries of human nature. He contemplated, in this truly degrading caricature with the most pungent sensations, till the sight of a village laborer, returning from his daily toil, recalled his attention to the more pleasing contrast. The old man's features glowed with cheerfulness and health, and indicated the utmost composure of mind, as he amused himself, and gave a turn to the general silence, with his evening song. Leander pictured to himself the partner of his little cares anxiously awaiting his return, whilst her endearing affection decked the oaken utensil with her choicest cakes — hard fare, perhaps, but simply luxuriant. Their little ones, lost in the sweet oblivion of sleep, whose innocent and ruddy complexions bespoke them uncontaminated with the infantine vices of the metropolis, afforded the fond parents the most exquisite delight; all was harmony and tranquility. But, ah! my friend, little dost thou know the sorrows which at this moment agonize the bosoms of the inhabitants of his cottage. Ere he had well reached the door of his humble dwelling, he was accosted with "Ah! master, for pity's sake relieve the distresses of a poor wounded soldier, who has travelled three days without bread, save the remnant of a loaf, which the charity of an unprotected widow supplied me with," — the

poor men did at the same time earnestly soliciting a night's lodging. Misfortune seemed to have anticipated the furrows of age, and his faltering voice bespoke the feelings of a troubled mind. One arm was slung through an old silk kerchief, whilst a ragged pair of trousers half concealed his necessary appendage, a wooden leg. The good old villager, whose compassion to the unfortunate, on recollecting the widow's mite, I would say charity, was well known, and to whom misfortune was at all times a sufficient recommendation, readily invited him to partake of such cheer as his cot afforded. But what were the agitations of the whole family when the old man's daughter recognised in the person of the stranger the altered features of her husband, the father of her children. "It is! oh! my William!"

Reader, hast thou ever tasted the rapturous sensations which arise from a happy union of mutual love, or, peradventure, thou hast felt the pangs which rend the heart when separation has robbed thee of the object of thy affections; if thou hast experienced these, thine own heart can best inform thee what passed in the bosom of Mary, as she gazed on the mutilated limbs of him with whom she had erst enjoyed so much happiness. Surprise rivetted attention, while he related the various sieges he had witnessed, and the heroic acts he performed in the field, where the enemy's cannon deprived him of two of his limbs. The dreadful idea quite overpowered her, and she sunk into the arms of her astonished parent.****

FEMALE COURAGE AND BENEVOLENCE.

MRS. PORTER, an eminent actress in London, was a woman of considerable fortitude and singularity. It was her practice after the play, to drive herself home in a one-horse chaise; her constant companions were a book and a brace of pistols. One time, as she was taking the air in her one-horse chaise, she was stopped by a highwayman, who demanded her money. She had the courage to present one of her pistols to him. The man, who, perhaps, had only with him the appearance of fire-arms, assured her that he was no common thief; that robbing on the highway was not to him a matter of

choice, but necessity, and in order to relieve the wants of his poor distressed family. He informed her at the same time, where he lived; and told her such a melancholy story, that she gave him all the money in her purse, which was about ten guineas. The man left her; upon this she gave a lash to the horse; he suddenly started out of the track, and the chaise was overthrown: this occasioned the dislocation of her thigh-bone. Let it be remembered, to her honor, that, notwithstanding this unlucky and painful accident, she made strict enquiry after the robber; and finding he had not deceived her, she raised amongst her acquaintance about sixty pounds, which she took care to send him. Such an action, in a person of high rank, would have been celebrated as something great and heroic: the feeling mind will make no distinction between the generosity of an actress and that of a princess.

LOVE'S VOCABULARY.

Absence.—HOW dear is my absence from you going to cost me! How tedious will the hours seem!

This signifies precisely, "If I was always with you, my stock of fine speeches would be soon exhausted. I should have nothing new to say to you: when I see you again, you will like me the better."

Advances.—When these are made on the woman's side, they either suppose an excessive superiority, or an excessive love. A woman who has made advances, seldom remembers them without rage, unless she has reason to remember them with pleasure.

Afflict, Affliction.—By these words is commonly understood the effect upon our mind of some disagreeable object. It is only in the mouth or letters of a lover, that they have little or no meaning.

Agitation.—Emotion: sentiments excited by the sight or conversation of a person one loves.—There are amorous, anxious, pleasing, timid agitations which have all their different expressions, by looks, sighs, blushes, &c. but few are more significant than that of the fan, managed properly.

Amiable.—Lovely: formerly denoted a person whose beauty and merit captivated all hearts. It is now in very common use, and applied, indifferently, to all whom we take for the objects of our fancy, vanity, or fulsome flattery.

Beau.—A common word to express a medley character of coxcomb and fop; one who makes dress his principal attention, under an utter impossibility of ever succeeding; as may be demonstrated by the following plain syllogism, of which the air of pedantry may be excused for the sake of its justice.

No fool can do any thing well.

None but a fool will make dress the business of his life.

A fool therefore can never dress well.

And this is so strictly true in fact, that there never was nor probably ever will be, a beau well dressed.

This advantage can only be attained by the man of sense, far above either the weakness of making a point of his dress, or that of neglecting or even not consulting the proprieties of it to his age, character, fortune, or station.

Beauty.—Socrates called it a short-lived tyranny; Plato, the privilege of Nature; Aristotle, one of the most precious gifts of Nature; Theophrastus, a mute eloquence; Diogenes, the most forcible letter of recommendation; Carneades, a queen without soldiers; Thecritus, a serpent covered with flowers; Bion, a good that does not belong to the possessor, because it is impossible to give one's self beauty, or to preserve it. After this most scientific display of quotations, all bristled with Greek names, may be added the definition of a modern author, who calls it,—"a bait that as often catches the fisher as the fish."

Charms.—An harmonious word rather hackneyed; indifferently lavished; and signifies no more than attractions. The solid, substantial charms, in these times, to use Sir Tunbelly Clumsy's phrase, are those which are stitched to the charmer's tail, whether bags, bills, bonds, or parchments.

Coquette.—One who wants to engage the men without engaging herself; whose chief aim is to be thought agreeable, handsome, amiable; though a composition of levity and vanity. She resembles a fire-eater, who makes a show of handling, and even chewing, of live coals, without receiving any damage from the fire; but, whatever may be their pretended insensibility, they have their critical moments as well as others.

The happiness of the body consists in the possession of health; that of the mind, in being sensible of that blessing.

REFINEMENT OF MANNERS!

FROM A LONDON PAPER.

RANELAGH MASQUERADE.

On Thursday evening, this elegant building was opened, for the first time this season, for the reception of Masks, and the rotunda was tolerably crowded; but the genius of inventions seems entirely at a stand; for this, like all other masquerades of late, produced little excellence or novelty of character.—House-maids, flower and fruit girls, were as numerous as ever. A dancing dog and a fidler, afforded much entertainment. A female fortune-teller gave ample proof she was no impostor, when she told the gentlemen "they were all in love;" it could scarce be doubted when they looked on her. A number of rude sailors appeared in the throng, who wished to prove themselves jolly tars, by swearing. An old maid and her nurse were tolerably good masks. The character of the pick-pockets was ably supported by seven masks. They not only evinced the facility of drawing watches and pocket-books, but proved how easy it was to make their escape with them.—The drawing of the lottery for twelfth cakes, not only furnish food for the fortunate part of the company, but amusement for the whole. As the first four hundred persons were only entitled to a lottery ticket, there was much whipping and splashing to get there to be included in the number. The dancing was kept up with spirit until a late hour in the morning, when broad day-light intimated to the motley group the necessity of parting.

The audacity of the pick-pockets at the masquerade, was beyond conception. A number of them openly attacked, in the middle of the rotunda, such gentlemen as appeared to be worth plundering, and forcibly took from them their watches or pocket-books. Although these desperadoes were pointed out by many persons who had been robbed, they could not be taken into custody, for want of police officers. It will, no doubt, be a caution to the proprietors of Ranelagh, as well as others in the same line, to be better supplied on future occasions.

The Visitor.

SATURDAY, March 19, 1803.

The sudden indisposition of one of our carriers, prevented our issuing the last No. of the Visitor on the east side of the town till Monday.

LIST OF DEATHS IN N.YORK.

The city clerk reports the death of 22 persons during the week ending on the 13th inst. viz. of Consumption 7—Dropsy 1—Syphilis 1—and 13 of diseases not mentioned—9 were adults, and 13 children.

THE NEW-YORK ACADEMY OF ARTS.

It is with pleasure we announce to the connoisseurs of the fine arts, that several casts of the most celebrated statues and busts ordered out from France by the academy, have arrived at Philadelphia, in the brig Susannah, from Rouen.

They will be forwarded to this city as soon as possible; a convenient room is preparing by the academy for their reception.

The following is a list of the statues and busts which have arrived.

<i>Statues.</i>	<i>Busts.</i>
Apollo Belvidere,	Homer,
Venus de Medicis,	Euripides,
Group of Laocoon,	Demosthenes,
Gladiator of the Borghese	
Palace,	Hippocrates,
The Hermaphrodite of the same,	Bacchus,
Group of Castor & Pollux, Roma,	
Germanicus,	Seven busts of Ceres,
	the group Niobe, &c. &c.

We are happy to find that this city, which has hitherto taken the lead in a commercial point of view, promises also to become equally foremost in the introduction and establishment of the polite arts,

On Sunday evening, about half after 8 o'clock, as Mrs. Jones was passing up Pine-street, a negro fellow rushed from the avenue or alley, about four doors from her own dwelling, and two doors

from William-street, knocked her down, attempted to steal her umbrella, and broke her arm in a shocking manner, with which she now lays in the most excruciating pain. The fellow immediately escaped, as there was no person in the street. This alley, or avenue, which is much frequented in the day and evenings by the black servants, is in the rear of the House occupied by the New-York Insurance Company, and notwithstanding it has two large folding doors, they are never closed, but offer an asylum to the midnight robber.

Melancholy Event.—A gentleman from Eastport, Maine, informs, that on the 24th ult. the house of Mr. Joseph Prince, a respectable merchant, (lately of Newburyport) took fire while the family were asleep, and in a few minutes was entirely consumed with its contents. Mr. Prince and his son and daughter perished in the fire. He lost his life in attempting to save his children.

The Ladies of Albany, we learn from the papers of that city, have set on foot the establishment of a "Society, for the relief of distressed women and children." Among those who are selected to fill the different offices, we find names of the first respectability.—An institution so laudable and praise-worthy, cannot but meet the encouragement it merits.

Morris County, (N. J.) March 11.

FIRE!—Early on Sunday morning last, the inhabitants of this town were alarmed by the cry of fire, which proved to be in the Warren Academy, recently erected. Before a sufficient number could be assembled to extinguish it, the whole building was enveloped in flames, and but a very inconsiderable portion of the books, &c. were saved.

And we are informed that on the Friday night preceding, a new house, the property of Mr. Samuel Wills, at Willsborough, in the upper part of this county, was entirely consumed by fire, supposed to have been communicated by design. What makes the event peculiarly distressing, is, an industrious young man, by the name of Andrew Moorg, lately from Ireland perished in the flames.

THEATRICAL REGISTER
FOR 1803.

FRIDAY, MARCH 11.
ALFONSO, M. G. Lewis; and THE
PADLOCK, T. Dibdin.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12.
THE WAY TO GET MARRIED; Mr.
Morton; and FORTUNE'S FROLIC; Mr.
Alonso; and THE COUNTRY HEIR-
ESS, from Vanbrugh and Cibber.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16.
A TALE OF MYSTERY, Thomas Hol-
croft, esq. and LIBERAL OPINIONS, P.
Dibdin.

Characters in the Tale of Mystery.

Bonamo,	Mr. Tyler.
Romaldi,	Hodgkinson.
Francisco,	Fennel.
Stephano,	Martin.
Montano,	Johnson.
Michelli,	Jefferson.
Malvoglio,	Hallam, Jun.
Piero,	Hogg.
Exempt,	Shapter.
First Gardener,	Prigmore.
Second Gardener,	Robinson.
Peasants, Musicians, Archers.	
Selina	Mrs. Johnson.
Fiametta,	Hogg.

The public attention was somewhat excited by the following paragraph introduced by the manager in the bill.

The MELO-DRAMA, being new to the English and American stage, it may be necessary to observe, that in this species of dramatic composition, instrumental Music is introduced occasionally during the pauses in the dialogue, with a view of heightening the effect; and aiding the expression of those passions which occupy the scene: the present admirable piece may be considered as the first experiment to introduce a new species of Drama: on the English stage it has succeeded beyond calculation; and it is presented to the public of New-York, under the strongest impression, that it will contribute in an eminent degree to their rational pleasures.

We think the curiosity and expectation of an audience, raised to an extraordinary pitch, were never more fully gratified than by the representation of the *Tale of Mystery*.

Breathless attention and bursts of applause, alternately succeeded through-

out the first act, at the close of which the plaudits were louder and longer continued, than we ever remember on a similar occasion. The festival prepared and preparing for the celebration of Selima's marriage in the second act, had the happiest effect, as contrasted with the anxious, mysterious, and turbulent scenes which precede and follow it. The music spoke love, cheerfulness, and pastoral delight: the scenic decorations were appropriate and tasteful: and the abrupt change which takes place at the stroke of the clock, and the arrival of Romaldi's threatened messenger of ill, was conducted so as to fill the mind again with anxiety and fear for the fate of the unhappy Francisco, and his lovely daughter.

We refrain from attempting the fable until our next number; from a fear of doing injustice to a piece which has so fascinated the ear, the eye, and the judgment of every witness to its representation.

The last scene does infinite credit to the painter, machinist, composer, and manager: we will attempt a description of it. The stage represents the rock of Arpennaz: on the left hand we see the cottage of the honest miller Michelli, and beyond it his mill; on the left we see rocks and trees in rude disorder. In front the rocks ascend in picturesque confusion, mass over mass, thinly crown'd with scatter'd pines; and the horizon terminates the view by a snow-crown'd mountain; an object common at all seasons in Savoy. Nearly opposite to the mill is a rustic bridge thrown from rock to rock, under which is seen part of the mill-stream, in agitation from the storm, which commences before the drawing of the scene. By the flashes of the lightning, the mountain torrents are seen descending, while the pines waving, and bending to the blast, compleat the finest moving picture the American Stage has ever presented.

As the Manager must find it for his interest to repeat again and again, this charming piece, we shall have an opportunity of giving an analysis of the fable, and remarking on the manner of performing, and the particular merits of the performers.

The Student,

No. VII. (next week)



HAIL WEDDED LOVE! NO LIBERTY CAN PROVE,
 SO SWEET AS SONDAGE WITH THE WIFE WE LOVE.

Marriages.

On Saturday evening last, Dr. George Cumming, to Miss Margaret Gallaher.

On Wednesday evening last, Mr. Leggett, to Miss Sophia Seaver, both of this city.

On Sunday last, Mr. Mathew Campbell, to Miss C. McDonald, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. Arthur Auchincloss, to Miss Clarinda E. Thorn, both of this city.

On Thursday evening last, Capt. Ebenezer Turell, to Mrs. Carmer, both of this city.



Deaths.

At Bamberg, Philip Mark, Consul of the U. States, and partner of the house of Mark and Strelitz, of this city.

At Cambridge, on the 17th ult. James Temple, attorney at law, who became non-suited in the action of life, aged 36.

On Monday evening, Mrs. Mary Photbus, aged 21 years and 6 months; wife of Thomas Photbus, of this city.

On Wednesday morning, Mrs. Sarah Bailey.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening, March 21, 1803,
 A Musical Prelude, called, The

Good Neighbor.

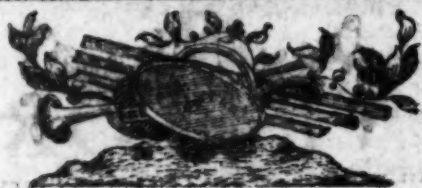
After which, (3d time)

will be presented,

A Tale of Mystery;
 A MELO-DRAMA.

To which will be added, a Farce,
 in 2 Acts, called,

RETALIATION.



FOR THE VISITOR.

LINES,

occasioned, by seeing a young lady sleeping
on a couch.

From her emotions, she must have been dreaming—

SPEAK, angel! speak! ah! tell a lover why
That snow-white bosom beats with heavy sigh?
Why do those pearly tears, in torrents flow,
And drow in grief, thy downy couch below?
What means that thro' sure nature is oppress?
Conflicting sorrows dissipate thy rest.
The ghastly fauns involv'd in horrid strife,
Steal the sweet zephyr, kind support of life.
See! now overcome;—outstretched her pallid arms!
Image of death, who robs the female charms
Which flush the cheek, or revel in the eye,
To bid the loved live;—rejected die.
Oh! were I gitted with a magic pow'r,
To learn the visions of this midnight hour
Which rack thy mind and gloomy council hold,
Within that front, form'd sure by heav'nly mould,
Say, sweet Eliza! is it now thy fate,
To mourn like Sappho, cruel Phaon's hate?
Has he thy love by vows impassion'd mov'd,
And now regardless of his promise prov'd?
Or hadst thou join'd at Hygiea's shrine thy hand,
With visionary form in sacred band?
Or tell me what!—Did misery pursue
The forms which fancy rang'd before thy view?
A parent struggling in the whelming deep?
Or headlong thrown, from a Tarpeian steep?
Speak, heav'nly maid! but ah the vain request!
Will ocean roll, by polar ice oppress?
Eliza! when Morpheus holds in rest?
No, I must wait, until this tortur'd mind
Shall wake to peace.—Bless'd moment! speed like
wind.

ALPHONSO.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITOR—

EPIGRAM.

CHIEF against chief in zealous fury brawl,
And jarring factions shake our senate walls.
Not to the state alone this heat's confin'd;
For party rage in fashion's realm we find,
To virtue's claim as deaf; to taste as sadly blind.

Hilardo.

THE WIDOW.

A POETICAL SKETCH, IN IMITATION OF
SOUTHEY.

WRETCHED Matilda! her heart swell'd with
anguish,
Over her children her head hung despondently;
When the soft voice of pity, unobtrusively,
"Why dost thou wander in sorrow and wretched-
ness?
Hast thou no husband?"
"Hast thou no husband?"—her hollow voice echoing,
(That was the string upon which all her sorrows hung.)
"Dismal my story is; listen and pity me,
I have no husband."

Long since he fell midst the battles fierce raging,
Then was my comfort and hope gone for ever;
Now sorely burthen'd with grief and my little ones,
Abject I wander.

Against my distresses I find ev'ry door shut,
None will lend ear to a wretched complainer;
Few, though to silence my loud importunity,
Throw out a halfpenny.

Soon I must perish with grief, cold, and hunger,
Soon must my children mourn over their dead mother,
Parentless, friendless, oh! thought agonizing!
To leave my poor children!

Though my stern parents, enrag'd at my marrying,
Vow'd in their anger for ever to cast me off;
Yet could they know the fierce pangs which now
torture me,
Sure they'd forgive me!"

Fast down the stranger's cheeks trickled the salt tears;
Down hung the mourner's head, she had ne'er notic'd
him;

"Cease your complaining!" exclaim'd he, upraising
her,
"I am your brother!"

Thy cruel parents, alas! are laid low in dust;
There, undisturb'd; leave their failings for ever.
I'll be the friend of thy fatherless little ones,
Come then along with me."

Wildly she gaz'd at him, joy and grief mingling;
In her sunk eyeballs the tears faintly glisten'd;
Tottering towards him, she, to support herself,
Sunk on his shoulders.

"Mother! don't die yet!" scream'd out the young
Theodore.

"What shall Amelia and I do without you?
Ah! dearest sister! our mother can't speak to us!
Mother!—oh, mother!"

Rous'd from her trance by the heart-piercing accents
Trembling she snatch'd the lov'd pair to her bosom.
Greatly the soft scene her brother affected;—
Homeward he led them.

Despair's scowling clouds which had long oversha-
dowed her

Fled: there remain'd but the mist of calm sorrow,
Hope, like the moon a long tempest succeeding,
Shone through the scatter'd gloom.

FANCY BASKETS.

The Subscriber testifies his grateful
thanks to his friends and the public in
general for the liberal encouragement he
has experienced, and hopes for a contin-
uance of their favors.

Just received per the Ship Flora,
Captain Lee, and Ship Orlando, Cap-
tain Marchalk, from Amsterdam, an el-
egant assortment of Work, Toilet, Fruit,
Wine Glass, Tumbler, Bread and Mar-
ket Baskets, for sale by

JAMES THORBURN,

No. 24, Maiden-Lane,

Who keeps a constant supply of Cedar
Tubs, Coolers, Pails, and other wooden-
ware.

Feb. 19th

FANCY CHAIRS,

Made as usual in the neatest style of
elegance, by FRANCIS TILLOU, No. 22,
Stone-Street.

N. SMITH,



Chemical Perfumer, from Lon-
don, at the New-York Hair-Powder
and Perfume Manufactory, the Rose,
14 doors from the Fly-Market, up
Maiden-Lane, in Liberty-Street,
No. 6, New-York.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.
Do. Violet, double scented, 1s. 6d. do.
His beautiful Rose Powder, 2s. 6d. do.
Highly improved sweet scented hard and soft Pa-
matums, 1s. per pot or roll, double, 2s. do.
His white almond Wash-ball, 2s. and 3s. each.
Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. 3s. do.
Do. Vegetable.

Gentlemen may have their shaving boxes filled with
fine Shaving Soap, 2s. each.

Smith's Balsamic Lip Salve of Roses, for giving a
most beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughness
and chaps, leaves the lips quite smooth, 2s.—4s. per box.

His fine Cosmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all
kinds of roughness, and leaving the skin smooth and
comfortable, 3s. and 4s. per pot.

Smith's Savonnette Royal Paste, for washing the
skin, making it smooth, delicate, and fair, to be had
only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's Chemical Destructive Tooth Powder, for the
Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's purified Chemical Cosmetic Wash-ball, far
superior to any other for softening, beautifying and
preserving the skin, with an agreeable perfume, sold
with printed directions, 4s. and 8s. each.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural
color to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or
Pearl Cosmetic, for immediately whitening the skin;
these are choice articles, and should be found on
every lady's toilet, 2s. 4s. and 8s. each.

With a great assortment of the best kind of Perfu-
mery and Cosmetics wholesale and retail.

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